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The Fashionable, or, London and country songster

London

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THE

FASHIONABLE;

OR, LONDON AND COUNTRY

SONGSTER.

No. 6. TO BE COMPLETE IN TWELVE NUMBERS. Published every Monday.

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LONDON:

T. GOODE, AYLESBURY STREET

CLERKENWELL.

THE HAPPY CHANGE.

A SEQUEL TO THE WIFE'S DREAM,)

Words by L. M. THORNTON.

Music by H. Russell.

Music at G. H. Davison, Peter Hill, Doctors' Commons.

You ask'd me sister how it was that
I appeared so gay,
While evening after evening my
husband was away.
You own'd I ne'er did frown or pout,
or say an angry word,
Although I'd plenty cause for tears
if all were true you heard.
I told you how I rashly wished my
husband dead might be,
I told to you that dreadful dream so
like reality,
And said, if e'er by patience I could
change his wandering life,
I'd bless the hour that dream was
sent to his neglected wife.

A bed of sickness, sister dear, with
its attendant woe,
Oft teaches us a lesson which in
health we surely know,
We think what now we might have
been, and what, alas! we are,
And now in dust what we will be if
God our lives will spare,
Late hours, the drunkard's cup for
weeks has laid my husband low,
When to his side he called me and
as fast the tears did flow,
He cried, for many years I've been
a wicked man 'tis true,
But God has pardon'd all my sins,
then, Mary, will not you?

How nearly dear, your awful dream
to me fulfiled has been,
But ever from the darkest cloud are
gleams of sunlight seen.
And from the grave's dread brink I'm
rais'd a better man to prove,
And be what long I should have been
to her who thus can love.
And he has been an alter'd man my
sister from that day,
No longer from his wife doth he
with his companions stray.
All is one scene of happiness, and oft
doth he exclaim,
"Mary, I've liv'd to bless the hour
that visitation came."

I LIKES A DROP OF GOOD BEER.

Come one and all, both great and
small,
With voices loud and clear,
And let us sing bless Billy our king,
Who 'bated the tax upon beer.

For I likes a drop of good beer, I do
I likes a drop of good beer;
And——his eyes who ever tries
To rob a poor man of his beer.

Let ministers shape the duty on
Cape,
And cause port wine to be dear.
So that they keep the bread and
meat cheap,
And gives us a drop of good beer.
For I likes, &c.

In drinking rum the maggots will
come,
And bald pates will appear;
I never goes out but I carries about
My little pint nuggin of beer.
For I likes, &c.

My wife and I feel always dry
At market on Saturday night;
Then a nuggin of beer I never need
fear,
For my wife always says it is right
For she likes, &c.

In harvest field there's nothing can
yield
The labouring men such good
cheer,
To reap and sow, and make barley
grow,
And to giv'em a skin-ful of beer.
For they likes, &c.

Long may Queen Victoria reign,
And be to her subjects dear;
And wherever she goes we'll wollop
her foes,
Only give us a skin-full of beer.
For we likes, &c.

The farmer's board will plenty af-
ford,
Let it come from far and from
near,
And at harvest home the jug will
foam,
If he gives his men plenty of beer.
For they likes, &c.

WE'VE HAPPIER DAYS IN STORE.

Words by L. M. THORNTON.

Music at D'Almaine's and Co,

I yet shall see you smile again.
As you were wont to smile,
Be'ore the heart was crush'd by pain
The spirit bow'd by toil.
On that pale cheek I yet shall see,
Life's roses as of yore,
Those eyes resume their brilliancy,
We've happier days in store,

Though with the monster grim despair,
Too oft compell'd to cope,
Shall we forget that angel form,
Whose heavenly name is HOPE!
Who sweetly whispers midst our grief,
"Take courage, sigh no more,"
And bids us on her anchor lean,
We've happier days in store.

OH, SAY WHEN WE AGAIN SHALL MEET?

Words by L. M. THORNTON.

Music by Edward Land.

Sung by Miss Poole.

Published by H. May, Holborn Bars

Oh, say when we again shall meet?
And I will hail each day's decline,
Until are heard those accents sweet,
And press'd that tender heart to mine;
The scenes which once my heart could cheer,
And hills I lov'd to wander o'er,
The fond, the sweet, companion near,
Bereft of thee delight no more;
Then, say when we again shall meet?
And I will hail each day's decline,
Until are heard those accents sweet,
And press'd that tender heart to mine.

My dreary hours alone I spend,
I count them as they travel on,
The value of a constant friend,
We know not till that friend gone;
Then, say when we again shall meet,
And I will watch each day's decline,
Until are heard those accents sweet,
And press'd that tender heart to mine.

COME, TO OUR BANQUET COME!

Words by L. M. THORNTON.

Music by George Lindridge, Hastings.

Published by Folkein, London.

Come to our banquet, come!
Come and you there shall see,
The open heart and hand,
Will warmly welcome thee.

Come to our banquet, come!
And many a future year,
May you our table grace.
May you partake our cheer.

The holly decks the wall,
With joy mingled too,
Bright faces throng around,
We only wait for YOU.

THE WOLF.

At the peaceful midnight hour,
Every sense, and every power,
Fetter'd lies in downy sleep:
Then our careful watch we keep.
While the wolf in nightly prowl,
Bays the moon with hideous howl,
Gates are barr'd, a vain resistance;
Females shriek, but no assistance;
Silence, silence, or you meet your fate;
Your Keys, your Jewels, cash, and plate
Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly assunder,
Then to rifle, rob, and plunder.

LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay.
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flow'rs
Things that are made to fade and fall away,
When they have blossom'd but a few short hours.
Love not, love not.

Love not, love not, the things you love may die—
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smileing sky,
Beam on its grave as once upon its birth.
Love not, love not,

Love not, love not, the things you love may change,
The rosy lips may cease to smile on you,
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not for true.
Love not, love not.

Love not, love not, oh, warning vainly said.
In present years, as in years gone by,
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal—till they change or die.
Love not, love not.

ROSA MOON.

Come ye niggers listen, a story I tell you soon,
About a coloured virgin dey call her Rosa Moon,
Her face as black as charcoal, her eyes am like de coon,
She am a handsome virgin my lubly Rosa Moon.
Oh Rosa Moon we'll dance up dis tune,
We dance all night till broad daylight,
And not go home till noon.

Massa lub dis yeller gal and I lub her too,
And when he took her from de fields I didn't know what to do,
I work so hard and watch de sun until it does come noon,
Dat I might get a sight once more ob lubly Rosy Moon.
Oh Rosa, &c.

When massy sell dis yellow gal, I almost broke my heart,
Den when she went to start away wid tears we both did part,
But now she's gone I can't tell where I hope she come back soon,
Dat I may once more see de face, ob lubly Rosa Moon.
Oh Rosa, &c.

THE DASHING WHITE SERJEANT.

If I had a beau for a soldier who'd go,
Do you think I'd say no?—Oh, not not I,
When his red coat I saw not a sigh would it draw,
But I'd give him eclat for his bravery,
If an army of Amazons e'er came in play,
As a dashing white serjeant I'd march away.

When my soldier was gone, d'ye think I'd take on,
Sit moping forlorn, no no not I,
His fame my concern, how my bosom would burn
When I saw him return crown'd with victory,
If an army of Amazons e'er came in view,
As a dashing white serjeant I'd march away.

TOAST

May the sword of justice be swayed by the hand of mercy.

THE THREE CATS.

A report was once spread in a country town,
That three live cats farmer Hodge had gulp'd down,
With a tankard of ale, all leaping and raw,
He had cramm'd heads and tails into his maw.
Derry down, &c.

When the news he first heard, he was wild as a boar,
And vengeance most bitter, he dreadfully swore,
That I eat three black cats; what a bouncer to tell,
Let me find the rogue out, and I'll cudgel him well,
Derry down. &c.

Goodman Jolt he first found, had been heard to declare,
That the tale was a truth, he was ready to swear;
But when tax'd with the first, he replied, neighbour, pooh,
I only observ'd that you had gobl'ed down two
Derry down, &c.

Only two, cries out Hodge, why say any at all?
Why I only repeated what Thomas let fall,
Tis Thomas he goes, who exclaims tis all fun,
I'll give you my word that I only said one,
Derry down, &c.

And what made you say that?—Nay don't be in a rage,
Why the story I heard from your old neighbour Page,
To Page off he goes, what's this that I hear?
That I've eat a black cat, so you're ready to swear,
Derry down, &c.

A black cat, quoth Page, that I'll swear is a lie,
I never said BLACK, I assure you, not I;
But old Goody Jones, said a puss you had eat,
And I said you were welcome from me to the treat.
Derry down &c.

Now when Goody was ask'd how she dar'd to defame,
By a scandal so wicked, an honest man's name;
By all that is good, Measter Hodge, I declare,
That I only observ'd you had eat a fine HARE.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas your dame told me so.—Say you so; Hodge replies,
And off to his wife, in a passion he flies;
Who answered so meek tho' he swore she should nab it,
Why, my dear, I but said you had eat a WELSH RABBIT.

THE BLIND BOY'S BEEN AT PLAY, MOTHER.

The blind boy's been at play, mother
And merry games we had;
We led him on our way, mother,
And every step was glad,
But when we found a starry flower,
And praised its varied hue,
A tear came trembling down his cheek,
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters made,
A rainbow o'er the rill, mother,
As golden sun-rays played;
But when we shouted at the scene.
And hailed the clear blue sky,
He stood quite still upon the bank,
And breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
When'er we found the spots
Where periwinkle crept, mother
O'er wild forget-me-nots,
Ah me! he said, while tears ran down
As fast as summer showers,
It is because I cannot see
The sunshine and the flowers.

Oh! that poor sightless boy, mother
Has taught me I am blest,
For I can look with joy, mother,
On all I love the best,
And when I see the dancing stream,
And daisies red and white,
I'll kneel upon the meadow sod,
And thank God for my sight.

MARY OF ARGYLE.

I have heard the mavis singing,
His love-song to the morn,
I have see the dew-drop clinging
To the rose just newly born,
But a sweeter song has cheered me
At the evening's gentle close,
And I've seen an eye still brighter
Than the dew-drop on the rose.
'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
And thy artless winning smile,
That made this world an Eden,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eye its brightness too,
Tho' thy step may lack its swiftness,
And thy hair its sunny hue,
Still to me wilt thou be dearer,
Than all the world shall own,
I have loved thee for thy beauty,
But not for that alone,
I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile,
Which has made thee mine for ever,
Bonny Mary of Argyle.

HEADS AND TAILS.

I feel very anxious, indeed, oh dear,
My head and my heart betwixt hope and fear,
I wish to prove how, should my powers prevail,
A man from his head may make out a tale.
For barring all rother,
Of this tale or t'other,
We've all sorts of tales in their turn.

The Heads of Affairs, at the head of the Nation,
Think only their heads are fit for that station.
While tails all behind hanging, ne'er leave their bees.
But say 'twould be better for tails to be heads.
For barring, &c.

The soldier his head would in former times rack.
To keep in perfection the tail at his back.
The ornament useless was of no avail,
The foe knows our soldiers can never turn tail.
For barring, &c.

The jolly Jack Tar found in pigtail a charm,
And wore a pigtail thick and long as his arm
One tail on his back he suppos'd was quite fine,
But Jack always starts when they talk about nine.
For barring, &c.

The Bashaws of Turkey with tails make free.
Not contented with one, as some of them wear three,
And sometimes in stormy politions weather,
They get all their heads and tails chopp'd off together.
For barring, &c.

Little pigs, tails do most gracefully curl,
An entail is good for a marquis or earl,
The lawyers have red tails for foe or for friend,
A Chancery Suit has a tail without end.
For barring, &c.

Some monkeys have long tails do their tails wag,
If some folks could wear tails, oh how they would brag,
My tails from my head come, though not a tale wearer,
So he who can bear my tales is a tale bearer.
For barring, &c.

BY THE BEER AS BROWN,

By the beer as brown as berry,
By the cider and the perry,
Which so oft has made us merry.
With a hey down, ho down derry.

RI FUM TI FUM.

If you will list, I vow, sirs,
I'll tell you of a row, sirs,
Caused me to part
With my sweetheart.
I'm telling of you now, sirs.
Indeed I am, ah, that I am, &c.

One night I went to meet her.
With true love I did greet her
When in she looks
In a pastry-cook's
And wanted me to treat her,
Indeed she did, &c.

At this I look'd quite funny,
Says, I my charming nunny,
I've lots of love,
As you may prove,
But I arn't got no money;
Indeed I arn't, &c.

Says she, young man 'tis plain sir,
Your love is all in vain, sir,
Unless you've cash
To cut a dash,
My heart you'll never gain sir;
Indeed you won't, &c.

I shocked was when I heard it,
Says I, don't say no furder,
You surely will
With coldness kill,
And you'll be hung for murder;
Indeed you will, &c.

Says she, you stupid elf,
As you have got no pelf,
Get rid of hope,
Go buy a rope,
And you may hang yourself, sir,
Indeed you may, &c.

The tears in my eyes started,
I felt quite broken-hearted,
She left me by
Myself to sigh,
And that's the way we parted;
Indeed it was, &c.

THEY WON'T LET ME OUT.

Oh, Phelim, dear Phelim, though lonely you wait,
At our trysting place near the old garden gate,
Through night's gathering shades bring the cold falling dew,
Yet, Phelim, mavourneen I can't come to you,
For the doors are all lock'd, I may sigh or may pout,
Yet, it's no use my darling, they won't let me out.

Oh, you're wandering about all alone I'm afraid,
And wondering why from yourself I have strayed,
Seated high on a ditch, you're admiring a star,
Or whistling a tune till most frozen you are,
Sure I'm coaxing Tim Rooney this half-hour the lout,
Yet, 'tis no use my darling, he won't let me out.

Oh, Phelim, dear Phelim, I hope you won't think
That to meet you according to promise I shrink,
And now don't mind at all what the old people say,
That where there's a will there is always a way,
Sure I cried till I hardly know what I'm about,
But to-morrow, dear Phelim, I'm sure to get out.

THERE'S SUNLIGHT IN HEAVEN.

There's sunlight in Heaven,
There's calm on the sea,
Perfume on the flower,
And bloom on the tree,
With nature as beaming
As nature can be,
And all around smiling,
Oh, smile thou on me.

With fondness unfading,
With pinion as free
As birds that as wandered,
Flies home o'er the lee,
With spirit as ardent
As feeling can be,
And its passion renewing,
I come love to thee.

I WANT MONEY.

I want money, I want money,
Thinking makes me very funny:
Once I loved a pretty maid,
But to court her was afraid.
She was a vixen, I found out:
At me she'd leer and jeer and flout,
'Cause I want money, I want money,
Thinking makes me very funny.
One night I went to meet my love,
Says I, my sweet, my turtle dove;
Then what d'ye think she said to me
Why hang yourself, or go to sea.
Cause you want money, &c.

I thought that ere was rather rum,
So says I to her, good night, mum;
Then home I went, as it should seem
To-bed I got and dreamed a dream
That I had, &c.

When I waked I found myself,
I looked about, but found no pelf;
And then I did, without much stir, see
I'd only been in the arms of Murphy
Cause I want, &c.

Next week I found my uncle was
A stiff stone corpse, and that is poz;
To see him then I set about.
When I got there, why I found out.
I had money, &c

Young men, who love the ladies dear
A good long purse be sure you wear:
When they find that you've got cash,
Then they'll cut a mighty flash.
With your. &c.

I AM A BRISK AND SPRIGHTLY LAD.

I am a brisk and sprightly lad,
But just come home from sea, sir;
Of all the lives I ever led,
A sailor's life for me! sir.
Yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,
While the boatswain pipes all hands,
With yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, sir;

What girl but loves the merry tar,
We o'er the ocean roam, sir;
In ev'ry clime we find a port,
In ev'ry port, a home sir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

But when our country's foes are nigh,
Each hastens to his gun, sir;
We make the boasting Frenchmen fly,
And bang the haughty Don, sir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

Our foes subdu'd, once more o shore,
We spend our cash with glee, sir,
And when that's done, we drown our care.
And out again to sea, sir,
Yeo, yeo, &c.

SAFELY FOLLOW HIM.

Oh, follow him, nor fearful deem.
Danger lurks in gipsy guile;
Rude and lawless though we seem,
Simple hearts we bear the while,
Then no robber fierce nor thief we fear,
Who's roused by night in savage den
Fearless then o'er mosses drear,
Barren wilds and lonesome glen,
Safely follow him, safely follow him.
Safely follow him.

From rustic swains the pretty bride,
Petty spoil from cot or farm:
Content is the wandering gipsy tribe
When the traveller never harm.
Then no robber, &c.

JOVIAL LADS.

Original, by M. M. TRUMBLE.

Here are we met,
A jovial set,
Of gay and merry hearted boys
No cares have we,
Our hearts are free,
We taste the best of all lifes joys
Good ale quaffing,
Laughing, Chaffing,
Merry making lads,

The night is light,
The moon shines bright,
But we'll not leave till break of day,
Tipping glasses,
Kissing lasses.
Thus we drive all care away.
Good ale, &c.

We laugh and joke,
And sing and smoke
And tip the glass right merrily,
And that's the way,
From eve till day,
The time shall pass right cheerily
Good ale, &c.

SONG OF THE PEOPLE.

AIR—'*The Last Whistle.*'

HARDY sons of Great Britain,
Ye children of toil,
Ye support of its wealth,
Rightful lords of its soil;
The sole props of its commerce,
Your rights are at stake;
Much too long you've been dreaming,
Arouse and awake.

'Gainst the will of the people,
Pray who can withstand,
'Tis the voice of the million—
Shall govern the land.

Do you care not to prosper,
To live without thought,
To submit to each grievance,
Your rulers have wrought;
Was not fam'd Magna Cha ta,
Once made for redress,
Britons, up, and be thinking,
The cause is not less.
'Gainst the will, &c.

Yes, the truth soon shall gleam
In each cabin and cot,
In each hut from the Land's End
To fam'd John's Groat;
And the day is at hand
When delusion shall flee,
When the mass shall be noble,
Enlightened and free.
'Gainst the will, &c.

THE CRACKSMAN'S TEAR.

A Parody on 'The Soldier's Tear.'

UPON the drop he stood, and sent a queerish look,
At the platform, and the ready cord, and the parson with his book:
Oh! he listened to the buz, so familiar to his ear,
And the cracksman lent upon the trap,
And shov'd away a tear.

Beside a lushing crib poor Moll dropt on her knees,
She waved aloft her lily hand that held a bran new sneeze;
She thought upon his togs, as things were getting queer,
As he whis'd her luck, and lots of blunt,
And
He turn'd to meet his fate, oh do not deem him weak,
For slap up was the cracksman's heart, though tears were on his cheek:
Go watch the heaviest swells with Jack Ketch in their rear,
And you'll find the hand bound tighest there,
Hath shov'd away a tear.

THE MOON'S ON THE LAKE.

THE moon's on the lake, and the mist s on the brie,
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day,
Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful hollo
Then Halloo! Halloo! Halloo!
Gregalach!

If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roo's to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles,
Then gather, gather, gather, gather
While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river.

Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever,
Glenorchy's proud mountain, Colchurn and her tow'rs,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours,
We're landless, landless, landless!
Gregalach.

Thro' the depths of Loch Katrine, the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt,

Then halloo! Halloo! Halloo! Gregalach!
If they robus of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roof to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles.
Then gather, &c.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY,

O' all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley,
There's ne'er a lady in the land,
That's half so sweet as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And through the streets doth cry 'em
Her mother, she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em,
But sure such folks could ne er beget,
So sweet a girl as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley,

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely,
My master comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely,
Let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that're in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between
The Saturday and Monday,
For then I'm drest, in all my best,
To walk abroad with Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named,
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh then I shall have money,
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
I'll give it to my honey,
And would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley

My master, and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for her, I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley.
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh then I'll marry Sally,
Oh then we'll wed, and then we'll
But not in our alley

WHEN A MAN WEDS.

WHEN a man weds, he must make up his mind,
To bad or good luck, to mishaps of all kind;
And shortly expect that the bright honeymoon,
Some woeful eclipse will obscure very soon;
Marry young wife, battle and strife,
Ladle 'em cradle 'em sing song:
Widow wed, mind your bed,
Hornaby, cornaby, ding dong;
Wife rather old, scratch, scold,
Wrangle 'em jangle 'em row, row:
Lot of brats, dogs and cats,
Cawdle 'em, dawdle 'em bow, wow,
Hobble de hoys, girls boys,
Battledore, raitledore, see-saw;
Tumble down, crack their crown,
Rumble 'em, grumble 'em, fee, faw;
Squawling, bawling, calling, mauling,
Higgledy, piggledy,
Jingle 'em, tingle 'em,
When a man weds he must make up his mind,
To bad and good luck, and mishaps of all kind.

Kitchen table, Tower of Babel,
Flour 'em, scour 'em, puff, puff,
Wife frying, child crying,
Stuffing 'em, puffing 'em, huff, huff
Crash, fie! 'Twasn't I,
Greasing 'em, squeezing 'em, splish, splash,
Dirty dog, bottom flog,
Jerking 'em, working 'em, dish, dash
Doctor's fee, can't agree,
Physic 'em phthisic 'em, so, so
Child dies, mother cries—Oh, oh,
Ladle 'em, cradle em, &c.

YE STREAMS THAT ROUND MY PRISON CREEP.

YE streams that round my prison creep,
If on your mossy banks you see
My gallant lover stand and weep,
O murmer this command from me
Thy mistress bids thee haste away,
And shun the broad-ey'd watchful day,

Ye gales that love with me,
If in your breezy flight you see
My dear Floreski ling'ring nigh.
O whisper this command from me:
Thy mistress bids thee haste away,
And shun the broad-ey'd watchful day.

LOVE IS A LITTLE FAITHLESS BOY.

Love is a little faithless boy.
That steals your hearts away;
And many a bright and fair decoy,
He uses to betray:
Sometimes he wares a sullen frown,
Sometimes puts on a smile;
The courtier and the rustic clown,
Alike his arts beguile.

Love his a mighty conquerer born.
He warfares with the brave:
He who would chains of bondage scorn,
Becomes his willing slave.
The urchin knows too well his power,
For none can 'scape his snares:
In lordly hall, and lowly bower,
Love finds us every where.

THE SAILOR'S LAST PARTING.

AIR—*Minstrel boy.*

The sailor leaves his love indread,
He may ne'er again behold her;
But duty calls see the sails are spread,
To his aching heart he folds her,

And whispers sweet, I'll return again,
And never more will leave thee.
Then stay those tears, for me they pain,
To see thee sad must grieve me.

But now the word, they are doom'd to part,
The vessel glides o'er the ocean;
A foe appears, and now his heart
Swells high with hope's emotion.

He fell, as he fought, for his countrys' weal,
And his lips they breathed, dear Ellen,
My soul from its shipwreck'd trunk must steal,
To a brighter—happier dwelling.

TO EV'RY FAV'RITE.

To ev'ry fav'rite village sport,
With joy thy steps I'll guide;
Thy wishes always will I court,
Nor e'er stir from thy side;
But when the sprightly fife and drum,
With all their dread alarms,
Echo afar,
The cry of war,
When chiefs are heard to cry—We come,
And Honour calls—To arms!
Thy pain and pleasure will I share,
For better and for worse;
And if we have a prattling care,
I'll be its tender nurse.
But when, &c

GOING TO BATTERSEA.

Parody on 'When first I went to sea

When I went to Battersea, a 'prentice lad was I,
I knew 'twas hard to row a boat, but thought I'd have a try.
So with six or seven more. we took a boat—eight oar—
That's the way with me, my boys, agoing to Battersea.
The vaves from steamers passing by made me feel rather queer,
But then I know'd how swells oft rowed right down to Chelsea pier—
So thinks I, why should not I reach the pier afore I die.
That's, &c.

Then when we'd got our blunt to pay I thought it was unfair,
'Acos I vos the Coxswain, I'd to give an extra share,
So vhen ve had to pay I alvays cut avay.
That's, &c.

To have our boat upset was our unhappy lots.
Ve tried to svim but each look'd grim then sunk down just like shots,
But instead of getting drown'd ve vos dragg'd out safe and sound
That's, &c.

My master he vos merciless, and vould'nt hear my prayers,
But made me for that day to pay vith his fist about my ears.
He broke my nose in twain ne'er to be straight again,
So I got a broken nose, my boys. through going to Battersea.

THE STAMMERING GLEE.

Oh! sir, can you tell,
Where old goody groaner, the midwife do dwell?
Pray, sir, be quick,
My wife, she is sick;
Zounds, you, ll be all day!
Pray, sir, stay,
She do live over the way;
I'll tell you by and bye.
Goody Groaner is gone—he do lie
Poor Jenny is bad'
Such stuttering and sputtering!
Such stammering and hammering!
'Twill make a man go mad.

LAYS OF A FORESTER.

Written by Br. John Heather, Court Hand and Heart, No. 689.

No. 1—Unitas, Benevolentia, et Concordia.

AIR.—"Return of the Admiral."

Union, oh union, ye much lov'd word, all hail!
We court thee as our guiding star, as passing through life's vale,
For "Unity is strength," 'tis said, then join each hand and heart,
More closely in its sacred bonds, for 'tis a noble part.
An invite free we give to all to join our ancient band,
For foresters will fraternize, to all stretch forth the hand,
The willing hand of friendship—for friendship is their pride,
Can such a worthy attribute as this be e'er outvied?

Benevolence, benevolence, a God-like word is this,
And prized right well by foresters who by its aid yield bliss,
They succour e'er with anxious care the widow when the arm
Of pale-faced Death in majesty, has robbed her of life's charms.
The orphan child they ne'er forget in sorrows darkling hours,
Nor jealous of their little wants they strew their path with flowers.
But a querdon rare, beyond compare from acts like these they find,
'Tis the beautiful serenity that steals across the mind?
Concord, glorious concord! a hearty hail to thee.
May ye ever hover round us, unshackell'd gay and free.
We seek thee as a beacon light around the festive board.
And prize thy peerless diadem beyond the miser's hoard
For concord has an elfin power, the heart of man to bind,
In closest bonds of joy and love to others of its kind.
Then foresters, since concord orings such happiness as this,
Let's ever seek its soothing rays, its deep and lasting bliss,

MAMMA WON'T LET ME MARRY.

Mamma won't let me marry yet.
I'm sure I can't tell why—
Now isn't it provoking,
And enough to make one cry?
Jemima says it's jealousy,
But she goes rather far;
My parent thinks herself too young
To be a grandmamma,
But she won't let me marry yet,
Oh dear, what shall I do?
Now isn't it a shameful thing,
To treat a daughter so.

Jemima's cousin's sister's maid,
Who lives at No. 6,
Says she, if I was you Miss Brown,
The day I'd make her fix,
For captains now are very scarce
And husbands hard to find,
And if you do not book your man,
Perhaps he'd change his mind.
Mamma won't, &c.

The captain says such pretty things
And calls me his heart's-queen—
I wonder he has not proposed
A trip to Gretna Green,
When I hinted at it t'other day,
He smoothed his glossy hair,
Said he loved me to distraction,
But he couldn't live on air.
Mamma won't, &c.

Miss Clark was married t'other day,
A nasty pert young jade,
And now she's got an opera box.
And keeps a lady's maid.
The spiteful thing has dared to say—
(Oh dear, how very funny!)
That the captain doesn't care for me
He only wants my money.
Mamma won't, &c.

Those guardians and executors,
Are all on mischief bent,
They too, forbid me marrying,
Without mamma's consent.
My fortune's at their mercy,
So, like a lonesome nun,
I must pine in single wretchedness
Until I'm twenty-one.
Mamma won't, &c.

THE MAIDS OF MERRY ENGLAND.

O the maids of merry England how
beautiful and fair,
With eyes like diamonds sparkling,
and richly flowing hair,
Their hearts are light and cheerful,
and their spirits ever gay,
The maids of merry England, how
beautiful are they

They are like the lovely flowers in
summer time that bloom,
On the sportive breezes shedding their
choice and sweet perfume,
Our eyes and hearts delighting with
their varied array,
The maids of merry England, how
beautiful are they.

They smile when we are happy—
when we are sad they sigh,
When anguish wrings our bosoms
the tear they gently dry:
O happy is the nation that owns
their tender sway,
The maids of merry England, how
beautiful are they.
Then ever like true patriots may we
join both heart and hand,
To protect the lovely maidens of this
our father land:
And that Heaven may ever bless them
we all devoutly pray,
O the maids of merry England, how
beautiful are they.

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.

Beautiful, beautiful wicked young
girls.
Togg'd out in muslin and silken fal
de rals;
With kiss-me-quick bonnet and fine
Chashmere shawl,
You don't think yourself not no dirt
at all—
Beautiful, beautiful wicked young
girls,
Susans and Kitties, Sophias and Nells
At Cremorne or Chelsea your flirting
away,
With swells, who of course, have
the reckoning to pay—
Beautiful, beautiful, &c

Beautiful, beautiful lion like girls,
What crammers your prattling tongue often tell;
What ogling, what sighing, what
mischief you brew.
What queer things you say, and what
queer mischief you do.
Beautiful, beautiful some looking
pale,
Some getting lushey on spirits or ale;
Some that are handsome—some that
are kind,
And some who have lost what they
never will find,
Beautiful beautiful, &c

Beautiful, beautiful coaxing young
girls,
All grief from our bosoms your presence dispels.
How sweet on a Sunday, it is out to
ride,
With lovely Maria or Kate by my
side,
Beautiful beautiful some looking blue
Through having their muslin-de aine
on the flew,
I oft have admired the dear creatures frown,
When they can't raise the halfpence
to get the togs down.
Beautiful, beautiful, &c,

Beautiful, beautiful sly young girls
To speak of your actions my candour
compels,
Take my advice, and pray do not
frown,
But leave off eating pickles to keep
your fat down.
Beautiful, beautiful some looking
sly,
Some who have babbies and some who
very nigh—
Some who when dress'd don't know
how to walk,
And always are picking their teeth
with a fork.
Beautiful, beautiful, &c,

ADORED AND BEAUTEOUS MARY ANN.

An original ballad, written by Mr. William F. Mc Brain, sung by Miss Patline Richardson, and Miss Rosini Vernon at the London Concerts.

AIR—*Adored and beauteous Isabelle*

Adored and beauteous Mary Ann,
Forget thee, love, I never can;
Why am I not that fragrant flower,
Which fondly living a sweet hour:
D ed on her bosom like a lamb,
Adored and beauteous Mary Ann.

dored and beauteous Mary Ann,
Her pretty waist a child could span,
Her eyes as bright as summer morn
Her step as gentle as the dawn,
Name all the beauties I never can,
Of adored and beauteous Mary Ann

TOM HALLIARD.

NOW the rage of battle ended,
And the French for mercy call,
Death no more in smoke or thunder,
Rode upon the vengeful ball.

Yet the brave and loyal heroes,
Saw the sun of morning light,
Ah, condemned by cruel fortune,
Ne'er to see the star of night.

From the main-deck to the quarter,
Strew'd with limbs and wet with blood:
Poor Tom Halliard pale and wounded
Crawl'd where his brave Captain stood.

O my noble Captain, tell me,
Ere I'm borne a corpse away,
Have I done a seaman's duty,
On this great and glorious day?

Tell a dying sailor truly,
For my life is steering fast,
Have I done a seamen's duty,
Can there aught my memory blast?

Ah! brave Tom, the Captain answered,
Thou a sailor's part hast done,
I revere thy wounds with sorrow,
Wounds by which our glory's won

Thanks, my Captain, life is ebbing
Fast from this deep wounded heart
But, oh! grant one little favour,
Ere I from this world depart.

Bid some kind and trusty sailor,
When I'm numbered with the dead,
For my dear and constant Catharine
Cut a lock from this poor head—

Bid him to my Catharine give it,
Saying her's alone I die;
Kate will keep the mournful present,
And embalm it with a sigh.

Bid him too this letter bear her,
Which I've penn'd with parting breath:
Kate may ponder on the writing,
When this hand is cold in death.

That I will, replied the Captain,
And be ever Catharine's friend;
Ah, my good and kind commander,
Now my pains and sorrows end.

Mute towards his Captain weeping.
Tom uprais'd a thankful eye,
Grateful then his foot embracing,
Sunk with Kate on his last sigh

Who then saw a scene so mournful
Could without a tear depart,
He must own a savage nature,
Pity never warm'd his heart.

Now in his white hammock shrouded
By the kind and pensive crew,
As he dropp'd into the ocean,
All burst out, Poor Tom, adieu

THE CONTENTED MAN.

THROUGH life 'tis my maxim to do my endeavour,
To seek out contentment as much as I can;
Could I bear to be call'd avaricious no, never;
Let 'em say, tho' he's poor, he's no covetous man.
My portion is small—what of that, I ne'er mind it:
Why should I with changes of fortune contend?
I take all along, good and bad as I find it,
I've enough for myself, and to spare for a friend.

I work to be sure hard enough for my living:
Thank God I can earn just enough for support;
I think worth receiving, what he thinks worth giving,
And my cot I prefer to the smiles of a court.
I might be more happy I do not deny it;
And tho' not so much as I wish to possess;
If I rail at hard fate I get nothing by it,
Still I've something to spare for a friend in distress.

There's some folks their numskulls will often be puzzling,
And think by their wits soon to make themselves rich,
While others from morning to night will be guzzling,
And with full flowing bumpers their pates they'll bewitch.
As for me I don't trouble my head much with thinking,
I work late and early, and merrily sing,
And the greatest of lux'ries I find when I'm drinking,
Success to my country! Long life to my Queen!

DENNIS DELANY.

IN sweet Tipperary the pride of the throng,
I danc'd a good jig and I've sung a good song;
On the green where I caper'd I scarce bent the grass,
To my bottle a friend, and no foe to a lass,
At hurling, my fellow could never be found,
For whoever I jostled soon came to the ground,
And the girls all swore they never met any
Could tickle their fancy like Dennis Delany.
With my whack about, see it out Dennis, my jewel,
Ah, why will you leave us? how can you be so cruel?
Paddy Whack may go trudge it with Murragh O'Blaney,
We'll part with them all for you Dennis Delany.

Young Shelah O'Shannon was so fond of me,
That whenever we met we could never agree;
Says I my dear Shelah, we'll soon end the fray,
For no longer in sweet Tipperary I'll stay,
When the girls all found I was going to leave them,
They swore that from death fa her John could not save them;
They would part with relations, tho' ever so many,
If I'd let them go with me, sweet Dennis Delany.
With my whack about, &c.

To the road then I went, & I trudg'd it along,
And, by way of being silent, I lilted a song.
Hey for Dublin, says I, where I'll see some fine lasses,
Get married, and drunk, nor e'er mind how time pases.
But when I arrived and found every lady
Short waisted, thinks I, they are married already;
By my soul now, says I, marriage here is the fashion,
To get young recruits for the good of the nation.
With my whack about, &c.

To t e grand panorama that every one talks of,
Away then I goes, and immediately walks off;
But I wer astonish'd as much as e'er man was,
To see a sea fight on an ocean of canvas.
But some were a weeping, and some were a wailing,
Where London once stood, now to see ships a sailing,
But what is my mind made it still seem the stranger,
Though I stood in the midst, I was still out of danger.
With my whack about, &c.

As I came back again then, quite sober and steady,
I met three or four buckeens attacking a lady;
With my slip of shilelah I made them forbear,
For an Irishman always will fight for the fair.
But the police they call'd, who came great and small;
Devil burn me, says I, but I'll leather you all;
And though I was fighting them, this I will say,
They were tight active fellows at running away.
With my whack about, &c.

Then to see a fine play, which I ne'er saw before,
To Crow-street I went with three or four more.
And up stairs I walk'd to see things the better,
The play bill I bought, though I knew not a letter.
But the crowd was so great, and the players so funny,
I laugh'd more, I'm sure, than the worth of my money,
Although with their noise they sat me quite mad,
When the boys above stairs call'd for malt in the wad.
With my whack about, &c.

THE SAPLING OAK.

THE sapling oak, lost in the dell,
Where tangled brakes its beauties spoil.
And every infant shock repel,
Droops hopeless o'er the exhausted soil.

At length the woodman clears around,
Where'er the noxous thickets spread
And high reviuing o'er the ground,
The forest monarch lifts his head.

A CHUMMY'S LIFE.

A Parody on the 'Roveos Flag', by H. Southgate.

OH! ever a chummy's life for me,
A gal or two vhen I'm rolling free;
On the tap room floor like a king I stand,
Vhere the vaiter bows at my command,
Vith smut o'er spread vhere e'er I roam,
The chummy's black to me's my home,
And my heart in a quart pot e'er wou'd be,
And a jolly row vhen out for a spree.

Though bricks fall down and tiles do crash,
Upwards my course I bravely dash,
Swift as a vink and without fail,
I sweetly drink the cooks old a'e.
I'll shun no foe, but strike at vun.
Vith my shovel flat and lay him dumb:
And meet him still vhenever I see,
And fight like bricks till I'm cook'd or he,

LOVELY LOVELY BETSEY.

THE lovely rose, the summer's pride,
Woo'd by the zephys as they rove,
By nature's hand with beauty dy'd,
Surpasses not the maid I love;
The flow'rets rising Sol to greet,
Discharging natures debt, see,
Among them blows no flower so sweet,
As lovely lovely Betsy.

O, with the early lark I'd rise;
And toil the day with bosom light;
If when red Phœbus left the skies,
She'd smiling bless my raptur'd sight;
The peer on proud ambition bent,
For all his toil, what gets he,
To match a cot, and sweet content,
With lovely lovely Betsy.

Her blush is like the blush of morn,
Her heart with innocence is crown'd,
Her look a stranger yet to scorn,
Bids heavenly sunshine smile around
What fortune waits me, rough or smooth,
Although I cannot yet see,
No fortune e'er shall change my truth
For lovely lovely Betsy.

HOGG AND BACON.

A Favourite Recitation.

ABOUT some sixty or seventy years ago—
It may be more, for aught I know—
A man to Newgate safe was sent,
A place where folks their crimes repent,
His crime was theft, so 'tis reported,
For which he might be hung—perhaps, transported.
In great suspense he did his trial wait,
Anxious to know what might be his fate.
The dreaded hour at last drew near;
His case to all appear'd quite clear;
He's guilty found without delay,
And to the laws his life must pay.
The prisoner then exclaim'd,
"My Lord! must your relation on a scaffold die?"
"Mine!" replied the Judge,
"Fellow, you lie!"
"No, no, my lord, I cannot be mistaken
My name is *Hogg*—your's is *Bacon!*"
"Right," replies the Judge, and then
his head he swung;
"But *Hogg* is not *Bacon* tills it's *hung*.
So, until you *hang* the usual time,
You can no *relation* be of mine."

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

O Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier!
'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.
O Charlie, &c.

As he came marching up the street
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folks cam rinnin' out
To meet the Chevalier.
O Charlie, &c.

Wi' Highland bonnets on their heads
And claymores bright and clear,
They came to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.
O Charlie, &c.

They've left their bonnie Highland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.
O Charlie, &c.

Oh there whare many beating hearts,
And many hopes and fears,
And many were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.
O Charlie, &c.

WANTED A TIGER.

A popular Comic Song, written by Mr. J. Bruton.

Music published by Tolkein, King William Street

WANTED a tiger—wanted a tiger—
A tiger wanted, dapper, smart,
person slender, temper nice,
Errands doing like a dart—active,
honest, free from vice—
Then he must have a handsome phiz—
go just like clockwork—dig and
delve,
'Twere better if he striking is and he
must not be more than twelve.
Pass demurring—he must ever cringe
or bounce, or lie, or beg
In short, he must be very clever, and
have a very handsome leg.

A tiger wanted—dapper smart, person
slender, temper nice,
Errands doing like a dart—active,
honest, free from vice—
Errands doing like a dart—active,
honest, free from vice.

A tiger wanted—one that don't any
qualm of conscience feel,
No gross feeder, one that won't on
board wages eat a deal—
With him no grumbling there must
be when his daily toil is o'er,
If he goes to bed at three to be up
again by four.
He must rise the maids before-hand,
sweep, dust, & clean the place—
Clean the brass plate on the door, &
polish that next on his face.

A tiger, &c.

A tiger wanted—if out late his master staying with some friends.
He must not to the mistress prate,
nor tell her how the time he
spend—
If she at four hear him come in, and
ask what out so late was done.
Then he must swear through thick &
thin, really 'twasn't more than
one.
He must take care not to mention
cider cellar, song, or wine,
The knockers wrench'd, nor the detention, police, nor forty shillings
fine.

A tiger, &c.

A tiger wanted—he must wait at table
nor dare to refuse,
Or dig the garden, rub the grate,
then leave off work and clean the
shoes—
Be he from illness ere should sink, he
mustn't fly to gin or malt.
But copiously of brandy drink, sweetened well of course with salt,
And if peace he wouldn't mar it, nor
strict punctillo offend—
If master ever orders claret, let him
no black bottle send.

A tiger, &c.

A tiger wanted—morals, won't do unless they're strictly pure,
None will do whose doings don't all
the strictest search endure—
To one who'd lend a godly life, almost one in fact, of ease
Free from trouble, care, and strife,
quickly on this chance he'd seize,
Though the place of labour's shorter,
the pay's more liberal odd zounds
For if he takes it by the quarter, the
amount will be three-pounds.

A tiger, &c.

THE MILL'S MERRY SAIL.

A Popular Ballad, written by Eliza Cook,

Music published by Cramer, Regent Street.

OH, would the days come back to me,
When I rose with the lark, and rov'd
with the bee—
When my father's fields, and the
rustling grain,
Seem'd wide and rich as a king's domain.
When I drank sweet draughts from the
clover's breath,
And bound my brows with the wild
rose wreath—
While the swinging flail, & the mill's
merry sail,
Rung in the barn, and wirl'd in the
gale.

Oh, would, &c.

Oh, could I ask back & choose from
all
The days I have had, 'tis those I
would call—
There was warmth and freshness then
in my heart,
For I walk'd the world in its brightest part.
Oh, give me again those precious
hours
When I slept in the corn shock, and
play'd with the flowers—
While the swinging flail, & the mill's
merry sail,
Rung in the barn, and whirl'd in the
gale.

Oh, would, &c.

HOME SWEET HOME.

MID pleasures and palaces through we may roam,
Still be it ever so humble there's no place like home,
A charm from the skies seems to hallow it there,
Which go through the world you will not meet elswhere,

[CHORUS.]

Home home sweet home,
There is no place, like home,
There is no place like home,

An exile from home pleasures dazzle in vain,
Ah! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again,
The birds singing sweetly that came to my call—
Give me them and my sweetheart who's dearer than all.
Home home, &c.

THE LANDLADY OF FRANCE.

A Landlady of France she loved an officer 'tis said,
And this officer he dearly loved her brandy oh,
Sighed she 'I love this officer although his nose is red,
And his legs are what his regiment call bandy oh,

But when the bandy officer was ordered to the coast,
How she tore her lovely locks that look'd so sandy, oh,
Adieu my soul says she' if you write pray pay the post,
'But before we part let's take a drop of brandy oh!'

She fill him out a bumper just before he left the town,
And another for herself so neat and handy oh,
So they kept their spirits up by pouring spirits down,
For love is like the cholic cured with brandy oh.

Take a bottle on't' says she for you are going into camp,
In your tent you know my love will be dandy oh!
You're right' 'says he' my life for a tent is very damp,
And 'tis better with my tent to take some brandy oh.

THE IRISH POLICEMAN.

A Parody on the Jolly Young Waterman written by A. T. and sung by Mr. Warner.

OCH! didn't you hear of an Irish Policeman,
Who on Blackfriars Bridge used to walk,
He ordered folks to move on with such charming activity,
As he'd order a dog in his own Country Cork,
He looked so nice and he walked so steadily,
The servants all flocked to see him so readily,
At a glance from his eye, oh! in love would they feel,
And this Policeman was never in want of a meal.

What lots of fine folks he oft took to the Station house
For getting drunk, fighting and making a noise,
And a little while came he used very handily,
To stir up young gals, and thrash little boys,
And oft at him they'd be giggling and leering,
'Bout his jolly large nose often be jeering,
No matter, twas all one to Paddy O'Shiel,
The Policeman who never was in want of a meal

But just now to see how strangely things happen,
One night while coaxing a swee heart so cross
The Inspector passed by and saw Paddy kiss her,
For which for the poor devil got sacked from the Force,
He married this damsel, to drive away sorrow,
And he opened a cats meat shop on the morrow,
A fig then for care cries Paddy O' Shiel,
While I've lots of these wittles I'll r want a meal.

BACCHUS IS A POWER DIVINE.

BACCHUS is a power divine,
For he no sooner fills my head
With mighty wine,
But all my cares resign,
And droop, and droop and sink down dead.
Then let the pleasing thoughts begin,
And I in riches flow,
At least I fancy so:
And without thought of want I sing;
Stretched on the earth, my head all round
With flowers weaved into a garland crowned
Then, then I begin to live,
And scorn what all the world can show or give.

Let the brave fools that fondly think
Of honour and delight,
To make a noise, a noise and fight,
To seek out war, whilst I seek peace,
Whilst I seek peace, seek peace and drink,
Then fill my glass, fill, fill it high.
Some, perhaps, think it fit to fall and die;
But, when bottles are ranged,
Make war with me,
The fighting fool shall see,
When I am sunk,
The difference to lie dead
And lie dead drunk.

BRING THE FLASK.

COME now all ye social powers,
Shed your influence o'er us;
Crown with joy the present hours,
Enliven those before us.
Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy shall quickly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
And cast dull care behind us.

Love, thy godhead we adore.
Source of generous passion;
But will ne'er bow down before
Those idols, wealth and fashion.
Bring the flask, &c.

Friendship with thy smile divine,
Brighten all our features,
What but friendship, love, and wine,
Can make us happy creatures?
Bring the flask, &c.

Why the deuce should we be sad,
While on earth we moulder,
Grave or gay, or wise or mad,
We every day grow older.
Bring the flask, &c.

Then, since time will steal away,
Spite of all our sorrow,
Heighten every joy to day,
Never mind to-morrow.
Bring the flask, &c.

NO PLEASURE LIKE HUNTING IS FOUND.

DO you hear, brother sportsman the sound of the horn,
And yet the sweet pleasure decline?
For shame! rouse your senses, and ere it is morn,
With me the sweet melody join.
Through the wood and the valley the traitor we'll rally,
Nor quit him till panting he lies;
While hounds, in full cry, through hedges shall fly,
And chase the swift hare till he dies.

Then, saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields
Both willing and joyous repair;
No pastime in life greater happiness yields
Than chasing the fox or the hare.
For such comforts, my friend, on the sportsman attend,
No pleasure like hunting is found;
For, when it is o'er, as brisk as before,
Next morning we spurn up the ground.

A DROP OF THE CREATURE.

To ask would to come for to go,
How a true hearted tar you'd discern,
He's as honest a fellow, I'd have you to know,
As e'er stepp'd between stem and stern;
Let tempestuous winds the vessel waft,
In his station amidships, or fore, or aft,
He can pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard, and gear,
And of duty every rig;
But his joy and delight
Is, on Saturday-night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

The first voyage I made to sea,
One day as I hove the lead,
The main-top gallant-mast went by the lee,
For it blew off the Devil's head,
Tumble up there, bear a hand, turn to,
While I, the foremost of the crew,
Soon could pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard, and gear,
And of duty every rig;
But my joy and delight
Was, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

There was Kit with a cast in his eye
And Tom with a timber toe,
And shambling Will, for he hobbled awry,
All wounded a-fighting the foe,
Three lads, though crazy grown and crank,
As true as ever bumbo drank,
For they'd pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho!
And hand, reef, and steer,
Know each halliard and gear,
And of duty every rig;
But their joy and delight
Was on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig.

Then over life's ocean I'll jig
Let the storm of the Spaniards come on,
So but sea-room I get, & a skin full of grog,
I fear neither Devil on
For I am the man t
daf,
In my station amidsh
I can pull away,
Cast off, belay,
Aloft, alow,
Avast, yo ho!
And hand, reef and, steer,
Know each halliard and gear,
And of duty every rig;
But my joy and delight
Is, on Saturday night,
A drop of the creature to swig

ANOTHER CUP, AND THEN.

Mat Mudge, the sexton of our town,
Though oft a little heady,
The drink not so his wits could drown
But some excuse was ready.
Mat said the parson loved a sup,
And eke also the clerk;
And then it kept his spirits up
'Mongst spirits in the dark;
Swore 'twas his predecessor's fault,
A cursed drunken fellow,
The very bells to ring he taught,
As if they all were mellow;
Hark; hark! cried he, in tipsy peal,
Like roaring topers as they reel;
Hark! what a drunken pother;
Another cup, and then—What then?
—Another.

For good news Mat got drunk for joy
If he could beg or borrow;
Did anything his mind annoy,
He drank to drown his sorrow;
Thus he'd rejoice, or he'd condole,
Cried Mat, be't joy or grief,
As the song says, the flowing bowl
Still gives the mind relief.
'Twas all my predecessor's fault &c.

Were peace the theme and all its charms,
Mat fill'd the sparkling noggin:
If war, he drank—May British arms,
Still give the foe a flogging.
The parson once took Mat to task,
Bid him beware the bowl:
Your pardon I most humbly ask,
Cried he, 'but pon my soul
'Twas all my predecessor's fault, &c.

And then, no liquor came amiss,
Wherever he could forage;
That gave him spirits, wisdom this,
And t'other gave him courage.
Thus was he merry and jocose,
If fortune smiled or frown'd;
And when he fairly got his dose,
And all the things turn'd round,
Swore 'twas his predecessor's fault,
&c.

SONG OF THE FORESTER.

Written by Henry V. Hooker.

TUNE—'*The Brave Old Oak.*'

HAIL! to the band whose fame and renown,
Now extendeth from snore to shore,
Hail! to the band whose name shall go down,
Till bright Phœbus shall rise no more,
Honour to the name, and its matchless fame,
Huzza! to the bold, brave, and good;
Sound the loud horn, we'll drink to the same,
Here's 'The Foresters,' and bold Robin Hood.

And as the Ocean Sand may
'Foresters' increase,
To war 'gainst want and woe;
The poor to relieve, the debtor
to release,
And injustice overthrow.

Oh! monarchs have worn our garb with pride,
Great James sallied forth with glee
A bugle by his side, and a long bow tried,
For a Forester bold was he.
Alfred the Great, the wise, and the good,
Was one of our time honour'd band,
When his arrows he barbed, while the swine-herd's food,
Was slacken'd and scorch'd by the brand.
And as the ocean sand, &c.

Lo! Adam of old, he wander'd alone,
In the forest, a club by his side,
The first of our band—when this globe so grand
Was unpeopled both far and wide.
No despot laws doth our code contain,
We aid the forlorn and the weak:
Break in dust each link of oppression's chain,
And dry the pale mourner's cheek.
And as the ocean sand, &c.

And until the end of old time doth arrive,
when all bands shall form but two,
May our order and brotherhood still survive,
A kind, generous, and jovial crew.
Here's good health to our Queen,
Church, and State,
Huzza, for the land of our birth,
May Britain remain still favour'd by fate,
The glory and pride of the earth,
And as the ocean sand, &c

WANTED A HUSBAND.

TUNE—'*Most Beautiful Kitty.*'

I'VE beauty and money.
I've lips sweet as honey;
But isn't it funny;
I'm not married yet,

The men say I'm pretty,
And I know I'm witty,
The belle of the city,
A husband can't get.

There's handsome Sir Harry,
How he could e'er marry,
That flirt cousin Carry.
I scarce can make out,

And then young Lord Peter,
That flattering cheater,
He finds freedom sweater
Than wedlock, no doubt.

I've tried all I can do—
I've smiled on Fernando,
As ugly as Dando.
As poor as a rat

My hard fate upbraiding,
My loveliness fading,
I'll die an old maiden,
And keep a tom cat.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

HOW oft a cloud with envious viel
Obscures yon bashful light
Which seems so modestly to steal,
Along the waist of night.

'Tis thus the world's obstructive wrongs,
Obscure with malice keen,
Some timid heart which only longs,
To live and die unseen

MARY'S DREAM.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed,
Her silver light on tow'r and tree:
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low a voice was heard.
Say, Mary weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head to ask, who there might be,
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale and hollow eye;
O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far, from thee, I sleep in death;
So Mary, weep no more for me.

Three stormy nights and stormy days,
We tossed upon the raging main
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain,
Ev'n then when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee,
The storm is past, and I at rest,
So Mary weep no more for me.

O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see,
But soft the parting spirit said,
"Sweet Mary weep no more for me."

DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND.

DRAW the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland,
Over moor and mountain hath past the war cry
The pibroch is pealing, pealing, pealing,
Who heeds not the summon is nae son of thine.

The clans they are gathering, gathering, gathering,
The clans they are gathering by loch and by lea,
The banners they are flying, flying, flying,
The banners they are flying that lead to victory.

Draw the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland,
Charge as ye have charged in days lang syne;
Sound to the onset, the onset, the onset,
He who but falters is nae son o'thine.

Sheath, the sword Scotland, Scotland,
Sheath the sword Scotland, for dimmed is its shine,
The foemen are fleeing, fleeing, fleeing;
And who kens nae mercy is nae son of thine.

The struggle is over, over, over,
The struggle over, the victory is won
There are tears for the fallen, the fallen, the fallen,
And glory for all who their duty have done.

Sheath the sword, Scotland, Scotland, Scotland,
With all lov'd thistle new laurels entwine,
Time n'er shall part them, part them part them,
But hand down the garland to each son of thine.

EPIGRAPH.

SAY to the drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None—'tis a sanction from the drapier's name.
Must bid the sculptor and his work live.

THE AGE OF WONDERS.

Tune—Bang up.

This is a wonder working age, by all
it is agreed on,
And wonders rise up every day, for
public gaze to feed on,
To sketch a few, 'tis my intent
which now I'm in the mind, sir
And crown them all with one you'll
own, will leave them far behind
sir.
Then push along for something
new the duplic taste will
dash on,
For wonders now are all the
rage, and novelties the
fashion,

The juggling Indians, now such
feats, a lady's taste 'twould
shock it,
They swallow swords, and swallow
too, the money from our pocket,
A gentle fair, by fear unmoved with
courage she so fraught is
On red hot iron skips a dance or
bathes in aqua-fortis.
Then push along &c.

And then the carriages and boats
that move along by steam,
It lets one you chance to sup, you
seem as in a dream,
The steam is up, and off it goes with
speed the most surprising
The shock it throws you off your legs
and you feel your insides rising,
Then push along, &c.

Then every thing is done by steam,
which perhaps you'll think a lie,
But I assure you it is true by steam,
they live and die,
In three years time, however sad, it
now to us does seem,
The wedding carriages, and the
hearse will move along by steam,
So push along, &c.

The safety cabs are all the go so they
must take a part,
They look just like a vehicle, called
Farey's water cart,
And if you call one from a stand the
drivers are so civil,
That hackney coachmen one and all,
they wish them at the devil,
Then push along, &c.

The patent Mackintosh's too, to keep
the water out,
The cockney dandies wear a vest
then shove them up the spout,
The ladies too to make amends, for
want of good sized muscles,
To cut a dash, they take to wear
Indian rubber bustles.
Then push along, &c.

But the greatest wonder yet to tell,
that every thing surpasses,
As Mr. Green's Vauxhall Balloon,
which proves all other's asses
(or farces).
So if you wish to to take a trip, unto
the Sun or Moon, sir,
You've only got to book a place in
Mr. Green's Balloon, sir.
Then push along, &c

Now though my little song is done,
the wonders are in sight, sir,
I recommend you all to go, and
prove my sayings right, sir,
I'm sure you will come back quite
pleased the wonders all to see,
And if you are not satisfied, the fault
is not in me.
Then push along, &c.

THE BEAUTIFUL MAID.

A PARODY.

AIR.—'*The Beautiful Maid.*'

MY fishmonger he swore that his
soles were most dear,
I trembled to hear what he said,
For salmon and shrimps 'twas the
wrong time of year,
So I pitched on a beautiful maid,
I brought home my beautiful maid,
Here cook, dress this beautiful
maid,
Go boil it—don't spoil it,
But see it well done,
And I'll dine on my beautiful maid,

But as ugly black cat, I speak it
with grief,
My delicate tit-bit waylaid,
The cook turned her back and the
long-whiskered thieff,
Ran off with my beautiful maid,
She clawed up my beautiful maid,
She swore o'er my beautiful maid,
Oh! pussy, you hussey,
Oh! what have you done,
You've ate up my beautiful maid.

LORD HOWE'S VICTORY.

TUNE—'*To Anacreon in Heaven.*'

THE bold tars of Old England, she
frankly avow'd,
Had often her heart with their
triumphs delighted;
But e'en Rodney's great day had not
made her more proud,
Than Howe's, in which valour and
wisdom united.
My children, she cried,
Who fought by his side,
Who gloriously bled for their country
or died.
I now will reward with immortal
renown, [crown,
And laurels unfading, the heroes shall
Says old Ocean—o'er me, may your
rule never end?
Enough by the winds are disturbed
my dominions!
Let them not with the French and
their politics blend, [opinions,
And drive me to rage their stormy
Lest, scorning the shore,
Nor bound any more,
My waves on the nations their fury
should pour?
But o'er my wide bosom Britannia
must reign,
Whilst she, and whilst nature, their
laws shall retain,
From her surge beaten throne as
Britannia espied,
Old Ocean to offer his homage endeavour,
She enquired the occasion, the grey-
beard replied,
Your sons have established your
empire for ever!
Most humbly I bow,
To you, and your Howe;
Long flourish the laurels which twine
round his brow. of green
Then folding about him his mantle,
He, bending, acknowledged Britannia
his Queen.
He presents, then, a scroll to the
queen of the waves,
Who views it with looks of concern
and attention,
And distinctly is heard, Paisley,
Bowyer, and Graves,
Hutt, Montagu, Berkeley, and Douglas, to mention.
She anxious proceeds,
And sighs as she reads,
'Till cheer'd, when she finds so distinguished their deeds,
I'll boast of these heroes as oft, she
exclaim'd, [be nam'd.
As Britain and Howe shall together

THE UNFORTUNATE TAR.

AID a sailor, kind sirs, who once
felt it his glory,
To fight for his country, his Queen
to defend;
O, stop for a moment, and hear my
sad story,
And deign, when 'tis ended, my
wants to befriend;
I once had a sweetheart whose vows I
shall never forget,
When she said it would grieve her
part;
And that happen what might she
would love me for ever,
If time did not alter the worth of
my heart.

We set sail from Plymouth, a French
ship gave us battle.
And I was dermin'd to conquer or
die,
Undaunted around me, I heard the
balls rattle,
And lost in the contest an arm and
an eye.
Yet I thought not the loss of a limb
in my duty, [part,
To Nancy or I could a sorrow im-
One eye was still left me to gaze on
her beauty,
And I knew what she priz'd in me
most was my heart.

But when maim'd and in want I regained Plymouth harbour.
And Nancy beheld my unfortunate
plight,
Next morning she marry'd Tom Halyard of Dover,
And bade me no more venture into
her sight.
Now I stray lame and helpless thro'
fam'd London city,
Imploring kind strangers some aid
to impart, in pity,
Give an alms to a sailor, kind masters
Deprived of an eye, of an arm, and
his heart.

WINE THE SOURCE OF PLEASURE.

WINE, thou source of all my pleasure!
Can I from that pleasure part,
For thou art alone the treasure
That can soothe an aching heart.
For thou art alone, &c.

Fill the bumper; don't be thinking,
For we have no time to lose;
The tide of pleasure it is drinking
Why should we a glass refuse
The tide of pleasure,

SONG OF THE MODERN TIME

A popular Song, written by Eliza Cook.

TUNE.—*Old English Gentleman.*

OH, how the world has altered since
some fifty years ago,
When boots and shoes would really
serve to keep out rain and snow—
But double soles and broad cloth—
dear me, how very low
To talk of such old fashioned things,
when every one must know
That we are well bred gentlemen, all
of the modern time.

We all meet now at midnight hour,
and form a glittering throng,
Where lovely angels walk quadrilles
and never do L'Ete wrong—
Where Eastern scents all fresh and
sweet Rowland's float along,
And the name of a good old country
dance would sound like a Chinese
gong,
In the ears of well bred gentlefolks all
of the modern time.

Young ladies now of sage sixteen must
give their friends a rout,
And teach the cook and housemaid
how to hand the things about—
And they must pull ma's bedstead
down, and hurry, scout and flout,
To have a fine refreshment room, and
lay a supper out,
Like well bred dashing gentlefolks, all
of the modern time,

Young beardless boys, all brag and
noise, must do the thing that's right
That is, they'll drink champagne and
punch, and keep it up all night,
They'll smoke and swear, till sallying
forth at peep o'morning light,
They knock down some old woman,
just to show how well they fight,
Like brave young English gentlemen,
all of the modern time.

At the good old hours of twelve and
one, our grandsires used to dine,
And quaff their horns of nut brown ale
and eat roast beef and chine—
But we must have our silver forks, ra-
gouts, and foreign wine,
And not sit down till five or six, if we
mean to cut a shine,
Like dashing well bred gentlefolks all
of the modern time.

Our daughters now at ten years old
must learn to squall and strum,
And study shakes and quavers
Signor Feefofum—
They'll play concertos, sing bra
rattle, scream, and thrum,
Till you a most wish that you
deaf, or they poor things
dumb—
But they must be like young gentle-
men, all of the modern time.

Our sons must jabber Latin verbs, and
talk of a Greek root,
Before they've left off pinafores, cakes
lollipops and fruit—
They all have splendid talents that
the desk or bar would suit,
Each darling boy would scorn to be a
low mechanic brute!
They must be well bred college youths
all of the modern time.

But bills will come at Christmas tide—
alas, alack a day!
The creditors may call again—"Papa's
not in the way—
He's out of town, but certainly next
week he'll call and pay,"
And then his name's in the Gazette—
and this I mean to say
Oft winds up many gentlefolks, all of
the modern time.

THE MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

WITHIN yon forest stands a rock
Whose summit none can climb
Unscath'd by blast, or tempest's
shock
And blackened o'er by Time!
An aged being there resides,
Circled by spirits who act as he
guides
Sworn by their faith with poignard to
strike
Kings, and those whom they govern,
alike!
Tremble! the man of the mountain
calls,
From his lofty throne, aloud!
Wherever that sound of terror falls
'Tis followed by sheet and shroud.

From his tribunal, reared on high,
He judges all below;
And those whom once he dooms to
die
Succumb beneath his blow!
His weapon human aid derides—
Silent as dart of the serpent it glides
Whether in shade or in light it be
When he has issued his dread decree
Tremble the man, &c.

GRIEVING'S A FOLLY.

SPANKING JACK was so comely, so pleasant, so lolly,
Though winds blew great guns, guns, still he'd whistle and sing,
For Jack lov'd his friend, and was true to his Molly,
And, if honour gives greatness, was great as a king:
One night as we drove with two reefs in the main sail,
And the scud came came on low'ring upon a lee shore.
Jack went up aloft for to hand the top-gantsail,
A spray wash'd him off, and he ne'er saw him more:
But grieving's a folly,
Come let us be lolly;
If we've troubles on sea, boys, we've pleasures on shore.

Whiffling Tom still of mischief, or fun in the middle,
Through life in all weathers at random would jog,
He'd dance, and he'd sing, and he'd play on the fiddle,
And swig with an air his allowance of grog;
Long side of a don, in the Terrible frigate,
As yard-arm and yard-arm we lay off the shore,
n and out whiffling Tom did so caper and jig it,
That his head was shot off, and we ne'er saw him more:
But grievings a folly, &c.

Bonny Ben was to each jolly messmate a brother,
He was manly and honest good-natur'd and free;
If ever one tar was more true than another
To his friend and his duty, that sailor was he;
One day with the davit to weigh the kedge anchor,
B n went in the boat on a bold craggy shore,
He overboard tipp'd, when a shark, and a spanker,
Soon nipp'd him in two, we never saw him more.
But grieving's a folly. &c.

But what of it all, lads? shall we be downhearted
Because that mayhap we now take our last sup?
Life's cable must one day or other be parted,
And Death in safe moorings will bring us all up:
But 'tis always the way on't; one scarce finds a brother
Fond as pitch, honest, hearty, and true to the core,
But by battle, or storm, or some damn'd thing thing or other,
He's popp'd off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more.
But grieving's a folly, &c.

OH WHERE IS MY KATE.

Written by Emily.

AIR—*'Sweet Kathleen.'*

I HAVE sought in the bower her own hand had made,
I've sought for my Kate, in her favourite glade,
Oh, where is my Kate, my sweet little Kate.
My own lovely Kate.

The sweet woodbine cottage, and glittering brook,
The meadows so fair, all now are forsook,
Oh where is my Kate, my sweet little Kate.
My own lovely Kate.

I've sought in the dell where many a time,
We have lingered to hear the sweet bells evening chime,
Oh, where is my Kate, my sweet little Kate.
My own lovely Kate.

Oh, gentlest of maidens so pure and so bright,
Hath thy spirit now taken an homeward flight,
Thy sweet voice to raise, in songs of praise.
My loved, my own Kate.

A FROWN AT ME.

Written by F. E. Fowler,

AIR—*'A Rose From Her Bosom.'*

A FROWN at me she hath cast,
But it serves not my love to remove,
Like a summer cloud away it hath pass'd,
And still to her constant I'll prove.

Oh didst thou fair maiden but know,
How strongly love hath enchained this heart,
Thou would'stpity on a captive bestow,
And bid sorrow from this bosom depart.

COME, BUY MY HEARTS.

COME, buy my hearts,
I've hearts to sell,
Maids, come and buy them,
I've every sort
That can be bought,
Pray, come, and buy them.

For those who range,
I've hearts to change,
Hearts to lend, or borrow
And some so light,
At close of day
They'll take their flight;
So, maids, you may
Choose again to-morrow.

I've hearts, a few,
So fond and true,
Nought but death can stay them,
But ere, you buy,
Think, maidens, well;
The price is high;
List! while I tell,—
Hearts for hearts must pay them.

'TWAS IN THE BLOOM OF MAY.

'TWAS in the bloom of May,
When odours breathe around
When nymphs are blithe and gay,
And all with mirth abound;
That happily I stray'd,
To view my fleecy care.
Where I beheld a maid,
No Mortal e'er so fair.

She wore upon her head
A bonnet made of straw,
Which such a face did shade
As phœbus never saw;
Her locks of nut-brown hue.
A round ear'd coif conceal'd,
Which to my pleasing view
A sporting breeze reveal'd,

Around her slender waist
A scrip embroider'd hung,
The lute her fingers grac'd,
Accompany'd with a song:
With such a pleasing note;
Cuzzoni doth excel,
Or philomela's throat.
That warbles through the vale.

Not long I stood to view';
Struck with her heav'nly air,
I to the charmer flew,
And caught the yielding fair
Hear this, he scornful belles.
And milder ways pursue,
She that in charms excels,
Excels in kindness too.

AT CYNTHIA'S FEET.

At Cynthia's feet I sigh'd I pray'd,
And wept, yet all the while
The cruel unrelenting maid,
Scarce paid me with a smile.

Such foolish timorous arts as these
Wanted the power to charm,
They were too innocent to please,
They were too cold to warm.

Resolv'd, I rose, and softly prest
The lillies of her neck,
With longing eager lips I kist
The roses of her cheek.

Charm'd with this boldness, she relents,
And burns with equal fire,
To all my wishes she consents.
And crowns my fierce desire,

With heat like this Pygmalion mov'd
His statue's icy charms,
Thus warm'd the marble virgin lov'd,
And melted in his arm,

THE BIRD'S NEST.

ALL blind and unfledged, see the children of song,
Just broke from their egg-shell and creeping together;
To the red-breasted minstrel the strangers belong,
To the robin, the herald of winterly weather.

Wide and distant she travels to cater for food,
Her piercing eye darting on this that, and t'other;
On the spread wings of joy hastens home to her brood,
Fond robin, their guardian, protector and mother!

Oh! let no rude hand when that mother's away,
Either take or destroy the beloved ones she's feeding,
And gratitude's carol, will joyful repay
The heart that forbore to set others a bleeding.

The time will come round when their clothes will appear,
And then, though the creatures of lucre may slight you,
The notes of the nestling may break on the ear,
And the song of young robin be heard to delight you.

NOBLE BETTY.

O et us swim in blood of grape,
The richest of the city,
And solemnize upon our knee
A health to noble Betty.

The muses, with the milk of queens,
Had fed his comely, creature,
That she's become a princely dame,
A miracle of nature.

The graces all, both great and small,
Were not by half so pretty
The Queen of love, that reigns above,
Could not prepare with Betty.

Had David seen this lovely one,
No sin he had committed;
He had not lain with Bathsheba,
Nor slain the valiant Hittite.

Had Soloman, Heaven's minion,
View'd her perfections over,
Then Sheba's Queen rejected had been
Though clad with gold of Ophir.

The Dons of Spain, could they obtain
This magazine of pleasure,
They never go to Mexico,
For all its Indian treasure.

The Christian King would dance and sing,
To have her at his pleasure;
And would confine great mazarins
Within the banks of Tiber

The Turk, for all his great empire,
Would prostrate him before her,
He would lay down his golden crown,
And goddess like adore her.

Her eyes are full of majesty,
None but a prince can own her,
She's fitted for an emperor,
A diadem must crown her,

ANGLER'S DUET.

ANXIOUS by the gliding stream,
See the steady anglers watch!
Trying every wily scheme,
The beedless finny tribe to catch,
Hush! hush!
Not a breath.
I've a nibble.
Still as death.

OH! I AM THE BOY TO BE EASY.

ONE Chesterfield wrote on good-breeding,
On manners, and grace, and all that
But mine is a different proceeding,
That comes to my fingers quite pat.
Oh! I am the boy to be easy,
With all kind of folks I am free;
My jewel, says I, does it please you?
If it don't it is nothing to me.

Cries a beau, Sir, your polish'n behaviour—
Arrah, honey, says I, is that you?
Cries a lady, Pray do me a favour:
So I will when I've nothing to do.
Oh, I am the boy, &c.

Do reach me that book, I entreat, Sir
Says I, You may get on the shelf,
An old lady requests me a seat, Sir:
And I'll get it—but take it myself.
Oh, I am the boy, &c.

Now the mode you'll be after admiring,
When you see how I carry the day?
For the gentleman all keep retiring,
And the ladies get out of my way.
Oh? I am the boy, &c.

YES I'M IN LOVE, I FEEL

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Celia has undone me;
But yet I swear I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there no graces revel;
'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her sense is only chat
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm,
'Twas both, perhaps, or neither;
In short, 'twas that provoking charm
Of Celia altogether.

CAN YOU, BRAVE COMRADE.

CAN you, brave comrade, e'er forget
The awful hour when last we met?
O'er our watch-fire mute we gaz'd,
And heard no sound
The welkin round,
Save, when this fervent pray'r was rais'd
Cheer and inspire our patriot band—
We fight for home, and native land.

'Twas in the hollow dell below,
The night before we fought the foe
But ere the morning's dawn we prais'd
Loud clang'd the air
With clashing war—
Yet still the fervant pray'r we rais'd,
Cheer and inspire our patriot band—
We fight for home, and native land.

WHEN IN WAR.

WHEN in war on the ocean we meet the proud foe,
Though with ardour for conquest our bosom may glow,
Let us see on their vessels old England's flag wave,
They shall find British sailors but conquer to save,

And now their pale ensign we veiw from afar,
With three cheers they are welcom'd by each British tar;
While the genius of Britain still bids us advance,
And our guns hurl in thunder defiance to France.

But mark our last broadside, she sinks down she goes;
Quickly man all your boats, they no longer are foes,
To snatch a brave fellow from a watery grave,
Is worthy a Briton who conquers to save.

LET ME WANDER NOT UNSEEN.

LET me wander not unseen,
By hedge-row elms on hillocks green,
There the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;
And the milk-maid singeth blithe
And the mower whets his sithe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale,
Or let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound,
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

RISE, GENTLE MOON.

Day has gone down, on the Baltic's bright billow,
Evening has sigh'd her last to the lone willow,
The Baltic's wide billow,
Evening has sigh'd her last to the lone willow,
Night hurries on earth and ocean to cover,
Rise, gentle moon, and light me to my lover,

'Twas by the beam he first set forth 'o woo me,
Brighter, since then, hast thou ever seem'd to me,
First stole forth to woo me,
Brighter, since then, hast thou, &c.
Let the wild waves still the red sun roll over,
Thine is the light, of all lights, to a lover.

THE HOURS OF ANXIOUS LOVE.

AMIDST the rumours of the day,
And splendid scenes which glide away,
The hours of anxious love,
The grassy fields, and beauteous lawn,
Are deck'd each sweet returning morn,
But still no pleasures prove.

The beauty of approaching spring,
No signs of pleasure to me bring,
When absent from my love
No form of beauty cheers my heart,
However sweetly dress'd and smart,
So comfortless they prove,

The dreary hands do slowly pass,
Along the smooth and polish'd glass
Each minute tells for two,
The hours seem lengthen'd as they go,
As if by magic they did know,
And envied all I do.

But yet the day will soon arrive,
And Cupid keeps my heart alive,
That I may not forget,
Such mutual joys as yet untold,
My glitt'ring eyes shall then behold,
As in a ruby set,

I look and long for that blest hour,
When Hymen leads me to his bower,
To share my lovers heart,
In golden chains my heart entwines
And all my love he there confines,
Till bliss he does impart.

Then to the alter I repair,
My lover comes and meets me there
To tie the pleasing knot
Then Hymen sits upon the flame,
And sweetly calls me by my name,
To tell me he's my lot.

Then my happiness will be,
To know my lover cares for me,
And all his heart is mine,
Another wish I'll not express,
But love him dear above the rest,
Until the end of time,

A LAUGH AT THE WORLD.

THEIR visible muscless in action to keep,
As bowls of rich nectar they quaff'd
Lest the fumes of the liquor should lull them asleep,
The Celestials form'd Momus, and laughed,
Scarsely out of his egg-shell he set them in glee,
While bon-mots, jests, and quibbles he hurl'd,
Nor mortal nor god from his ridicule free,
He took a fair laugh at the world.

So henceforward will I, when old Gripe I behold,
Brooding guinea to guinea to add
I'll encourage his heir to purloin all his gold,
And laugh as the miser grows mad,
Since Time's leaden dart, from which none shall go free
We known not how soon may be hurl'd,
No moment to lose while the world laughs at me
I'll merrily laugh at the world.

At the poor ruin'd spendthrift so weak and absurb,
I'll laugh as I see him despond;
I'll laugh at the idiot who took his friends;word,
When he ought to have taken his bond:
At each age, sex, condition, at every degree,
Shall my arrows sarcastic be hurl'd
And still as the tittering world laughs at me,
Will I merrily laugh at the world.

O LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet,
Or art thou wakin, I would wit,
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in Jo.

[CHORUS.]

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
For pity's sake this ae night,
O wad you let me in, Jo.

Out o'er the moss, out o'er the muir,
I came this dark and dreary hour,
And here I stand without the door,
Amid the pouring storm, Jo.
O let me, &c.

Thou hear'st the winter wind & weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet,
Take pity on my weary feet,
And shied me frae the rain, Jo,
O let me, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's,
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause,
O' a' my grief and pains, Jo.
O let me, &c.

I WINNA LET YOU IN, JO.

O Tell nae me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid nae me wi' cauld disdain;
Gae back the gate ye cam again;
I winna let you in, Jo.

[CHORUS.]

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
And ance for a', this ae night,
I winna let you in, Jo.

The shellest blast at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nought to what poor she endures,
That trusted faithless man, Jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flow'r that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed,
Let simple maids the lesson read,
The weird may be their ain, Jo.
I tell you now, &c

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey,
Let witless, trusting woman say,
How aft her fate's the same, Jo.
I tell you now, &c.

ONE WHO WENT TO SEA.

ALAS! where shall I comfort find?
My peace is gone, distress'd my mind;
My heart beats high
I know not why;
Poor heart! ah me, ah me!
So tender, artless, and so young,
I listen'd to his flatt'ring tongue
Nor did I e'er
Suspect a snare,
From one who went to sea.
For sailors kind and honest are;
They injur'd virtue make their care;
One, only one, did e'er depart,
From that prov'd rule, and he,
Ah me!
Was born to break my simple heart.
Alas, &c.

When absent from my longing arms,
Each hour was fraught with new alarms;
Each rising morn beheld my tears;
The softest breeze in my fond fears,
Did the horizon straight deform,
And zephyr grew into a storm:
Yet to be cheated of my bliss—
And was I then so kind for this.
Alas, &c.

THRO' THE WOODS FOLLOW AND FIND ME.

Thro' the woods, thro' the woods,
follow and find me,
Search every hollow, and dingle and dell, (hind me,
I leave not a print of a footstep be-
So those that would see me must seek for me well

Look in the lily bell—ruffle the rose.
Under the leaves of the violet peep,
Lull'd by a zephyr in cradles like those, (asleep,
All the day long you may find me
Through the woods, &c.

When the red sun sets at eve you may hear me, (fade;
Singing farewell to his rays as they
But as soon as the step of a mortal is near me, the shade,
I take to my wings and fly off to
Thro' the woods, &c.

Thro' the woods, thro' the woods,
follow and find me.
Look in the lily-bell—ruffle the rose,
Haste, for at nightfall the blossom will close,
Follow, follow, and find me.

I KNOW WHO.

I HAVE a hand for a glove,
And I have a foot for a shoe,
And I have a head full of love,
And a heart for—I know who.

I have a neck for a necklace,
A cap for a top-knot too,
And a finger I have for a ring,
When given by—I know who.

I have a faith still unshaken,
For one that's sincere and true,
With lips that by siege may be taken
When storm'd by—I know who.

Oh! sweetly I can smile,
When a certain youth I view,
And as sullenly I can pout,
When I don't meet—I know who.

Oh! I am a comely young maid,
And my name is—but what's that to you,
And my lover's a handsome young man,
And he is—is—I know who.

I'm daughter to Thomas, the thresher,
And niece to old spinstress, Sue,
And gladly will I be a wife,
When the husband is I know who.

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

FILL the bumper fair,
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle,
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when thro' the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses,
Fill the bumper fair,
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions,
So we, Sages sit.
And 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the heaven of wit
Draw down all its lightning,
Fill the bumper fair, &c.

Would'st thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It ch nc'd upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warms us.
Fill the bumper fair, &c.

The careless youth when up
To glory's font aspiring,
Took no urn, nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in:
But oh his joys, when round
The halls of heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.
Fill the bumper fair, &c.

Some drops were in the bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the sparks of soul
Mix'd their burning treasure,
Hence the goblet's show r
Hath such pe ls to win us—
Hence its mighty pow'r
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair, &c.

THE SOLDIER TIRED.

THE Soldier tired of wars alass,
Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
And scorns the spear and shield;
But if the brazen trumpet sound,
He burns with conquest to be crowned,
And dare again the field.

MARY BLANE:

The favourite Melody, sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders, written by Wellington Guernsey, Composed by George Barker, Music published by J. Williams, Cheapside.

I ONCE did lub a pretty gal—
I lub'd her as my life—
She came from Lusiana,
And I made her my dear wife.
At home we lib'd so happy,
Oh, free from grief and pain,
But in de winter time of year
I lost my Mary Blane.
O, fare de well, poor Mary Blane!
One feeling heart bids you adieu
Oh, fare de well poor Mary Blane
We'll never meet again.

I went into de woods one day
To hunt among de cane,
De white man come into my house,
And took poor Mary Blane.
It grieb me berry much to tink,
No hope I entertain
Of ebber seeing my dear gal,
My own poor Mary Blane.
Oh, fare de well, &c.

When toiling in de cotton field,
I cry and say good, bye,
Unto my brother comrads,
Dat, oh, soon—oh, soon I die.

My poor wife gone—I cannot lib
Amidst dis world ob pain—
But lay me in de grabe to find
Out my poor Mary Blane.

Den fare de well, dear Mary Blane,
Do we are parted here on earth,
Oh, fare de well, dear Mary Blane,
We soon shall meet again.

LOVE, GOOD NIGHT.

Music published by Cramer & Co., Regent Street.

NOW, good night! now, good night!
Round each hill, and tow'r, and tree,
Darkness deep her mantle closes;
While all nature calm reposes,
Darkness brings no rest to me,
Now, good night! still good night!
Now, good night, love! still good night!
Good night, love! good night!

Think awhile—think awhile,
When through midnight I shall stray;
When the storm is coldly blowing,
While your heart is warmly glowing,
Think of me then, far away.
Think of me, &c.

Dearest love! dearest love!
Still may no fond thought of me
Thy calm hour of rest encumber:
But good angels watch thy slumber,
Round the pillow press'd by thee.
Dearest love, now good night, &c.

I'VE LOVED THEE WELL.

I'VE loved thee well, but oh! 'tis past,
The bitter, bitter conflict's o'er;
The hope is fled—the die is cast,—
I've lov'd thee well, but love no more.

Long have I sought thee as my bride,
Long woo'd thee with a tender flame;
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still thought thou would'st return again.

But ah! 'tis past—the hope is fled!
No more I'll sigh—no more I'll weep;
At rest beneath the green turf's bed,
In slumbers soft I soon shall sleep.

GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!

An Original Song, written by Alfred Wall, and sung by Mr. John Phillips.

AIR.—*Time! Time! Time!*

GOLD! gold! gold! thou rulest all below,
And mortals well thy power know,
To many doth thou joy impart,
To many more a aching heart,
Love to thee is but a slave,
And thus for thee doth madmen rave,
Gold! gold! gold! our king,

Gold! gold! gold! the bitterest curse of earth,
'Twas some hideous demon gave thee birth,
For thee the murderer hopes of heaven stake.
And with unfathomed woe meets his fate,
Father of pride, of tyrants, and sin,
Gold! gold! gold! our king,

THE SMILE.

The Words by W. P. Francis, Esq.

The Music may be had of Mr. W. George, Chapel-street Westminster.

OH give me not that rose 'twill die,
And leave me to regret it,
Oh, give me not that smile 'twill fly
And I shall ne'er forget it,
'Tis true another rose may blow,
And be as sweet as mine,
But there's no other smile I know,
Can e'er compare with thine.
Then smile, my dear,
Thy smiles are divine,
There's no smile so sweet,
So lovely, as thine.

Oh shade, oh! shade those eyes of love,
I ne'er can trust their viewing,
Nor orb that rolls the realms above,
Lights half so sure to ruin,
Yet I could trust a single beam,
That sheds its light so sweetly,
As travellers do each meter gleam,
That shines as false as fleetly.
Then smile, &c.

GOD BLESS THE QUEEN ENGLAND.

TUNE.—*The battle and the breeze.*

GOD bless the Queen of England,
Britannia's bonnie queen—
May pleasure and prosperity,
Throughtout her reign be seen,
Oh, may the choicest blessings,
Ever bloom upon her brow,
To vie with that bright diadem,
That shines upon it now.

God bless the Queen of England,
Britannia's royal rose—
Success attend her friends so true
Destruction on her foes,
And may she 'mong her subjects
Love and duty e'er create,
By her wisdom in the council,
And her justice in the state,

God bless the Queen of England—
May she strive to emulate,
The virtues of that patriot king,
Who nobly rul'd of late,
May every hostile fact on,
By her courage soon be quell'd—
May she e'er maintain those rights
Her forefathers have upheld.

God bless the Queen of England,
Victoria our queen—
May every domestic joy,
In her palace e'er been seen,
May her reign be long and happy,
And her subjects her caress,
And her days become as famous,
As the days of good Queen Bess.

THE ROSE I PLUCKED AT MORN.

THIS rose I plucked at morn,
And bound it to my breast
But, ah! it bore a thorn,
And that disturb'd my rest,
Yet snap the thorn away,
Who wears it need not fear,
Ah! now in gentle play,
I'd bind my fair rose here,

So beauty like the rose,
Hath its protecting thorn,
And e'er securely blows,
While Virtue's gaurd is worn,
But set that charm aside,
Defenceless she appears,
Though on the frail bark glide,
Its course is lost in tears

DEAR IS THE BLUSH.

Dear is the blush of early light
  To him who plows the pathless deep,
When winds have rav'd throughout the night,
  And roaring tempests banish'd sleep;
Dear is the dawn which springs at last,
  And shows him all his peril past.

Dearer to me the break of day,
  Which thus thy bended eye illumes,
And chasing fear and doubt away,
  Scatters the night of mental glooms:
And bids my spirit hope at last,
  A rich reward for perils past.

THE SILENT NIGHT.

A favourite song, sung by Miss Cawse.

At the silent hour, when all is still,
  The silent hour of night, love,
We'll meet at the foot of the thorn-clad hill,
  Beneath the moon's pale light love!
For here no sounds but the mournful bird,
  Or breeze that murmurs by love,
Or our whispered vows shall around be heard,
  Or breath of my gentle sigh, love,

For the silent hour and noontide tree,
  To lovers only known, love,
By a calm and sacred purity,
  Are marked as all our own, love!
And there no prying eye shall see,
  Within our secret bower, love,
But hovering spirits, guarding thee,
  Shall bless that silent hour, love.

THE HEART BOW'D DOWN.

The heart bow'd down by weight of woe,
  To weakest hope will cling.
To thought and impulse while they flow
That can no comfort bring,
  With those exciting scenes will blend,
O'er pleasur's pathway thrown,
  But memory is the only friend
That grief can call its own.

The mind will, in its worst despair,
  Still ponder o'er the past,
On moments of delight that were
  Too beautiful to last;
To long-departed years extend,
  Its visions, with them flown;
For memory is the only friend,
  That grief can call its own.

MONKS OF OLD.

MANY have told, of the Monks of old,
But 'tis more than true, that a merrier crew
  Could scarce be found elsewhere;
For they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd,
  And liv'd on the daintiest cheer
    For they, &c.

And then they would jest at the love confess'd,
  By many an artless maid,
And what hopes and fears they had breath'd in the ears
  Of those who had sought their aid;
And they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd,
  As they told of each love-sick jade.

And the abbot meek, with his form so sleek,
  Was the heartiest of them all;
And would take his place with a smiling face,
  When reflection bell would call;
When they sung and laughed and the rich wine quaff'd,
  Till they shook the olden wall.

Then, say what they will, we'll drink to them still,
  For a jovial band they were,
And tis most true that a merrier crew
  Could not be found elsewhere,
For they sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd,
  And lived on the daintiest cheer,